What constitutes a national poet? If the answer is, to be read and appreciated by persons representing all the classes of a com munity without distinction of education or ocial sympathies, then it is evident that James WRITCOME RILKY comes nearer than any other American maker of verse to meeting the definition. The breadth of his popularity is proved by the fact that, although his latest collection of poems, entitled Green Fields and Running Brooks, has been brought out within the year, which is but two months old, tens of thousands of copies of it have already been demanded. He has published in all seven volnmes of compositions in prose and verse. mainly verse, and almost all of these have run through a number of editions, to which there is no parallel in the case of any American poet except Lougfellow. Perhaps no one excent publishers, taught by experience how hard it is to sell poetry, is fully alive to the extraordinary success of Mr. Riley from a commercial point of view. Regarded merely from this viewpoint, the achievement would prove that the guther has known how rouse the great primary emotions and touch the universal heart. This would have been impossible had he confined himself to the metrical studies in the Housier dialect by which he was first made known. His audi once in that event must needs have been secamong people of New England birth that Lowell's Biglow Papers were fully comprehended and thoroughly relished. There could be no greater mistake than to assume that the largest part or the best part of Mr. Riler's work has been done in dialect. If such an impression has hitherto obtained in any quarter It should by this time be dispelled. So far is the impression from being founded upon facts that of the numerous selections by which we purpose to illustrate his admirable and vari ous skill in songeraft, all, with one exception. will be made from verses written in what, for lack of a better term. may be described as normal English.

The first thing that strikes the render of James Whitcomb Riley is his originality Here, evidently, is a man who would hav felt the impulse to speak tunefully and to touch the springs of humor and of pathos had he lived before the invention of alphabets. In the absence of books, the lessons to be drawn from nature and from human life would have nered his knowledge of the outer and of the inner world. He has seen with his own eyes. listened with his own ears, known in his own heart the sorrows and joys that he depicted. His landscapes are transcripts of his native woods and fields; all the flowers, the trees, the buds, the manifold forms of animal life, and all the relations of man to outward nature which we encounter his pages are such as he has actually seen: they are not transferred from books to an alien and incongruous environment. His first-hand directness, his freshness, simplicity, sincerity, have been quickly and deeply felt by multitudes unable to distinguish what it was that appealed to them and charmed them. This fundamental qualification for song writing would have been his had he never derived anything from books or read a line of poetry other than his own. We have said that, had all his compositions been put forth through the medium of the Hoosier dialect, they would have had only a sectional audience; but even so, it would have been an audience larger than was reached in his lifetime by Robert Burns. It is, indeed, of Burns that one naturally thinks when one considers the exact and vivid delineation of rural scenes and humble lives, the humor, the tenderness, the grace, the melody of Mr Riley's dialect poetry.

poet was not only born, but made. The impulse to sing was native, but he has learned from elder singers how to string and strike the lyra. Scattered up and down these vol umes are innumerable proofs of the thoroughness with which the author has studied the masters of imaginative writing both in prose and verse. It would be easy to point out those over whom he seems to have pondered longest, and whose methods, processes. and points of view he has striven most earnestly to penetrate and to assimilate. They are Cervantes, Izaak Walton, and Charles Dickens, Shakespeare and Herrick, Burns, Reats, Longfellow, and Moore. Far from mak ing any secret of his studies, he has inscribed some of his most notable poems to his teach ers, and has even put forward avowed imitations of them which are striking lowes de force. Thus in a prose sketch catted "A Remarkable Man." we find the following passage, which purports to be an unpublished fragment of

It is clear in this case, however, that the

By this time they had come upon the figure of the old hag seated by the roadside. and, in a harsh, cracked voice, crooning a dismal ballad. 'By God's rood,' quoth the knight, in a burst of admiration, 'did I not tell thee. twas some fair princess, decoyed from her father's castle and thus transformed through the despicable arts of some wicked enchanter: for thou hast but to perk an ear to have the sense of hearing bathed and overflowed with melody. Dost thou not also note rare grace and sweetest dignity voiced, as it were, from the very tatters that enclothe her form? Indeed thou mayest,' said the squire, ' for I have heard it said, " rags may enfold the pur Yet in this instance I am restrained to think it more like the hidalgo's dinner, "very little meat and a good deal of tablecloth." ' Hold thy peace, bladderhead, exclaimed the knight, 'lest I make thee gnaw thy words with loosened teeth. Listen what liquid syllables are spilled upon the atmos-

> Are desolate and bleak and bare: My father's heart and halls are one since I, their life and light, am gone.

O, valiant knight, with hand of steel and heart of gold, hear my appeal Release me from the spoiler's charms

"The knight had by this time thrown himself from his steed, and with lance reversed and vizor doffed he sank upon his knees in the slime and ocze of the dyke, exclaiming: of good heart, fair princess! Thy succor is at hand, since the fates have woven thee-the pearl of pearls-into the warp and woof of my great destiny. Nay, nay! No thanks! Thy father's beaming eyealog, shall be my guer-don, for home thou shall go, even though I must needs truckle thee thither on a barrow. In the same paper we come upon this felicitous attempt to reproduce the style of Shakespeare in his comedies:

Tolorf-I call him dog, forsooth, because he snaris-Smarls, d'ye hear !—and laves his rabid fangs In slobber-froth that drips in slimy gouts Of venomous slander. Out upon the cur He sets his mangy foot upon the sed, grass grows rank and withers at the touch, and tangles into wiry thatch for snakes To spawn beneath. The very air he breathes Becomes a poison gas, and generates Disease and posttience. Would no were here, That I might whot my sword against his riba. Although his rotten, putrid soul unhoused Would broad a steach worse than my barber's breath. -Hist! Here be comes God's body ! Master, has he overheard? The cock-crew with tay ghost ! (But Point)-How now, my Jack-Prince are of Jacks, methought I heard thee bray. Falsof-Aye, well and marry ! for this variet here Deserves more brays than praise, the sourry dog! Good lack! Thou mightet have heard me call him of A public's toss from this; but now thou art come. My dagger points of wrath do melt away ore thy gental smile, as icicles Might ooze to nothingness at summer noon That other flask, you dog! and have a care Thou handle it more gently than the first. Lest I, as thou dids! II, thy moddle burst.

once the spirit, the phrasing, and the melody

of Moore: The harp of the minstrel has never a tone As sad as the song in his bosom to-night, For the magical tench of his fingers alone Cannot waten the schoes that breathe it aright; But oh! As the smile of the moon may impart

A serrow to one in an alien clime,

Let the light of the melody fall on the heart And cadence his grief into musical rhyms The faces have faded, the eyes have grown dim

That once were his passionate love and his pride; And aias; all the smiles that once blessomed for him. Have failen away as the flowers have died. The hands that outwired him the laureate's wreath, And crowned him with fame in the long, long ago, Like the laurels are withered and folded beneath The grass and the stubble-the frost and the snow.

Then sigh, if thon will, as the whispering strings Strive ever in vain for the utternice clear; And think of the sorrowful spirit that sings, And jewel the song with the gem of the tear For the harp of the minstrel has never a tone As sad as the song in his bosom to-night, And the magical touch of his fingers alone Cannot waken the echoes that breathe it aright.

An author not absolutely sure of his own command of melody might have hesitated to publish so singularly clever an imitation of Moore. But Mr. Riley can give his verse, when he chooses, a singable quality that is distinct-

ively their own. Witness the following: O. it was but a dream I had While the musician played !--Old ocean kissed the glade-And here the laughing ripples ran, And here the roses grew That threw a hiss to every man That voyaged with the crew.

Our silken salls in lazy folds Drooped in the breathless breeze; As o'er a field of marigolds Our eyes awam o'er the seas; While here the eddies lisped and purled Around the island's rim, And up from out the underworld

We saw the mermen swim. And it was dawn and middle day and midnight—for the moon On silver rounds across the bay Had climbed the skies of June-And here the glowing, glorious king of day ruled o'er his realm. With stars of midnight gittering

About his diadem. The seaguli reeled on languid wins In circles round the mast, We heard the songs the sirens sing As we went sailing past; And up and down the golden sands

A thousand fairy throngs Flung at us from their flashing hands The echoes of their songs. e, it was but a dream I had While the musician played -For here the sky, and here the glad Old ocean kissed the glade;

And here the laughing ripples ran.

And here the roses grew That threw a kiss to every man That voyaged with the crew. To return to Mr. Riley's teachers, or rather to those elder poets whom he lets us see that he likes best, and who, therefore, may be presumed to have exercised most influence upon him. The following exhibits a surprising conformity to the vocabulary, the spirit and the

metrical form of Herrick: Dear Lord, to Thee my knee is bent, Give me content Full-pleasured with what comes to me, Whate'er it be; An humble roof—a frugal board, And simple board; The wintry fagot piled beside The chimney wide, While the enwreathing Sames up-sprout And twine about

The brazen dogs that gnard my bearth And homehold worth: Tinge with the ember's ruddy glow The rafters low; And let the sparks snap with delight As fingers might That mark deft measures of some tune The children croon: Then, with good friends, the rarest few

Thou holdest true, Ranged round about the blaze, to share My comfort there, That makes each seat A place of honor, and each guest

Loved as the rest. Some verses inscribed to Reats bear witness to a careful and fruitful study of the sources of the sensuous beauty of "Endymion" and

Would that my lips might pour out in thy praise A fitting melody—an air sublime, A song sun-washed and draped in dreamy haze— The floss and velvet of luxurious rhyme; A lay wrought of warm languous and o'e With balminess and fragrance of wild flowers, Such as the droning bee ne'er wearies ofch thoughts as might be hymned To thee from this midsummer land of ours Through shower and sunshine blent for every love.

Deep slience in deep woody aisles where through Cool paths go lottering, and where the trill Of best-remembered birds hath something new In cadence for the hearing-lingering still Through all the open day that iles beyond; Reaches of pasture lands, vine-wreathen oaks, Majestic still in pathos of decay; The road—the wayside pond Wherein the dragontly an instant soaks His filmy wing tips ere he flits away.

111. And I would pluck from out the dank, rich mould, Thick-shaded frem the sun of noon, the long Lithe stakes of barley, topped with ruddy gold, And braid them in the meshes of my song; And with them I would tangle wheat and rye, And wisps of greenest grass the katydid Bre crept beneath the biades of, sulkity, As harvest hands went by; And weave of all, as wildest fancy bid, A crown of mingled song and bloom for thee

The lines just quoted are manifestly intended to recall Keats. But his influence is no less traceable in the following poem inscribed "To Judith:"

> O her eyes are amber-fine-Dark and deep as wells of wine, While her smile is like the noon, Splender of a day of June. If she sorrow-lo! her face It to like a flowery space With light clouds and lulied with shade. If she laugh-is is the trill Of the wayward whippoorwill Over upland pastures, heard Echoed by the mocking bir In dim thickets dense with bloom And blurred cloyings of perfume. If she sigh—a zephyr swells Over edernes asphodels And wan lilies in lush plots Of moon drowned forget-me-nots Then, the soft touch of her hand-Takes all breath to understand What to liken it thereto! Never rossleaf rinsed with dow Might slip soother-suave than slips lier slow paim, the while her lips Swoon through mine, with kiss on kiss

Sweet as beated honey is. From the next excerpt it is evident that the author has lingered fondly over both Keats and Tennyson, but echoes of them are blended in a cadence of his own:

The touches of her hands are like the fall Of velvet snowlakes; like the touch of down The peach just brushes 'gainst the garden wall; The dossy fondlings of the thistic wisp Caught in the crinkle of a leaf of brown The blighting frost bath turned from green to crisp

Boft as the failing of the dusk at night, The touches of her hands and the delight-The touches of ner hands ! The touches of her hands are like the dew That falls so seftly down no one e'er knew The touch thereof save lovers like to one Astray in lights where ranged Endymion O rarely soft, the touches of her hands,

As drowsy zephyrs in enchanted lands. Or pulse of dying fay, or fairy sighs; Or—in between the midnight and the dawn, When long unrest and tears and fears are gone— Sleep, smoothing down the lids of weary eyes. HII.

We have said that readers of our author's dialect poetry instinctively think of him in We must find room for one more extract com the same sketch—an attempt to catch at connection with Burns. There is probably no

Biley himself. We have found in these volume several poems written in Lowland Scotch, and one peculiarly effective illustration of the idiom inscribed "To Robert Burns." From this we clip the following:

Sweet singer, that I los the maist O'cony, sin' wi' enger baste
I smacket bairn lips ower the taste
O' hinnied sang.
I ball thee, though a blessed ghaist In beaven lang !

For, weel I ken, nas cantie phrase, Nor courtly airs, nor lairdly ways, Could gar me freer blame, or praise proffer hand, "Rantin' Robbie" and his lays Thegither stand.

And sae these hamely lines I send, Wr Jingim words at like end. In scho of the sangs that wend Frae thee to me Like simmer brooks, wi' mony a band O' wimplin' gies.

That our author is in deeper sympathy with Burns than with Keats or Tennyson, or with any of the poets who rove wistfully over classic grounds, is plain from some lines to Pan:

The pines of Pan! Not idler now are they Than when their cumning fashioner first blew. The pith of music from them: Yet for you And me their notes are blown in many a way Lost in our murmurings for that old day That fared so well without us. Waken to The pipings here at hand: The clear halice Of truant voices, and the roundelay The waters warble in the solitude Of blooming thickets, where the robin's breast Sends up such ecstasy o'er dale and dell. Each tree top answers, till in all the wood There lingers not one squirrel in his nest Whetting his hunger on an empty shell.

So, too, although our author appreciates the exotic culture of Longfellow, he is drawn to him most strongly by their common power o awakening the gentler emotions, the affeclions, and especially the love of children. Mr. Riley save of Longfellow:

> Awate, he loved their voices And wove them into his rhyme: And the music of their laughter Was with him all the time. Though he knew the tongues of nations, And their meanings all were dear, The prattle and lisp of a little child Was the sweetest for him to hear

That from this point of view the sympathy between our author and Longfellow is found, the following poem, called "The Lost Kiss," will testify:

I put by the half-written poem While the pen, idly trailed in my hand. Writes on. "Had I words to complete it, Who'd read it, or who'd understand?"
But the little bare feet on the stairway. And the faint, smothered laugh in the ball, And the eerie-low lisp on the silence, So. I gather it up-where was broken

The tear-faded thread of my theme. Telling how, as one night I sat writing.
A fairy broke in on my dream— A little inquisitive fairyly own little girl, with the gold Of the sun in her hair, and the dewy Bine eyes of the fairies of old.

Twas the dear little g.ri that I scolded-"For was it a moment like this," I said, "when she knew I was busy To come romping in for a kiss !-Come rowdying up from her mother, And clamoring there at my knee For 'One 'ittle kiss for my dolly, And one 'ittle uzzer for me !

God pity the heart that repelled her. And take, from the lips that denied her, This answerless prayer of to-day ! Take, Lord, from my mem'ry forever That pitiful sob of despair, and the patter and trip of the little bare feet, And the one piercing cry on the stair!

I put by the half-written poem While the pen, idly trailed in my hand Writes on, "Had I words to complete it, Wh'd read it, or who'd understand?"
But the little bare feet on the stairway.
And the faint, smothered laugh in the hall, and the cerie-low lisp on the silence, Cry up to me over it all.

Here, again, are some lines pervaded with the pensive, haunting charm of Longfellow's meditative verse:

O in the depths of midnight What fancies haunt the brain! When even the sigh of the sleeper Sounds like a sob of pain.

A sense of awe and of wonder

I may never well define-For the thoughts that come in the shadows The old clock down in the narior

Like a sleepless mourner grieves, and the seconds drip in the silence As the rain drips from the eaves. and I think of the hands that signal

The hours there in the gloom, And wonder what angel watchers Wait in the darkened room. And I think of the smiling faces That used to watch and wait.

Till the click of the clock was answered By the click of the opening gate. They are not there now in the evening-Morning or noon-not there;

Yet I know that they keep their vigil,

We add a bit of translation as epigrammatic and as pregnant as almost any of those that Longfellow made:

A troth, and a grief, and a blessing Disguised them and came this way— And one was a promise, and one was a doubt And one was a rainy day.

And they met betimes with this maiden-And the promise it spake and ited, And the doubt it gibbered and bugged itself, And the rainy day-she died.

IV.

We have referred to the breadth and depth of Mr. Riley's sympathies. The writings of Tolstol are not more full of proofs of a capacity to detect the beautiful and noble in the homel and commonplace. He can feel, too, and make us feel for the outcast as well as for the lowly. The subjoined verses might serve by way of prelude to Hood's "Bridge of Sighs:"

Strange dreams of what I used to be And what I dreamed I would be, swith Before my vision, faint and dim and ever on, with empty hands, and eyes that ever lie to me, grope adown my destiny.

fome say I waver when I walk Along the crowded thoroughfares, And some leer in my eyes, and talk Of dulness, when I see in theirs-Like fishes' eyes, alive or dead— But surfaces of vacancy— Blank disks that never seem to see. But glint and glow and glare instead

The ragged shawl I wear is wet With driving, dripping rains, and yet It seems a royal raiment, where, Through twisted torrents of my bair, see rare gems that gleam and shine Like jewels in a stream of wine; The gaping shoes that clothe my feet Are golden saudala, and the shrine Where courtiers grovel and repeat l'ain prayers, and where in joy thereat, A fair prince doffs his plumed hat, and knee's, and names me all things sweet. IV.

Sometimes the sun shines, and the luli of winter noon is like a tune The stars might twinkle to the moon If night were white and beautiful— For when the clanger of the town, and strife of traffic softens down The wakeful hunger that I nurse. In listening, forgets to curse. Until—ah, joy! with drooping head I drowse, and dream that I am dead and buried safe beyond their eyes Who either pity or despise.

We have seen that not even Longfellow surpasses the author of these volumes in the ten-der comprehension of a child's wistful heart. He that can sing so touchingly of childhood comparison that would be so welcome to Mr. should understand motherhood as well. No

me has more reverently deploted the selfimmolation of maternity, as the following

I would not hold him everlong, and so Sometimes my yielding sight of him grows, O so quick of tears, I joy he did not stay To catch the faintest rumor of them: Nay, Leave always his eyes clear and glad, although line own, dear Lord, do fill to overflew; Let his remembered features, as I pray,

Smile ever on me! Ah! what stress of love Thou givest me to guard with Thee thiswise: Its fullest speech ever to be denied Mine own—being his mother! All thersof Thou knowest only, looking from the skies As when not Christ alone was crucified.

We have lately seen in our courts a memor able example of the desperation with which s mother will defend her child, even against the arm of justice. If Mr. Riley had witnessed a counterpart of this case, he could not have more forcibly portrayed the mother's attitude from her own point of view than he has done in the verses following:

Dead' my wayward boy-my own-Not the law's ; but mine—the good God's free gift to me alone, Sanctified by motherhood.

"Bad," you say: Well, who is not?
"Brutal"—" with a heart of stone"—
And "red-handed,"—Ab! the bot Blood upon your own!

I come not, with downward eyes,

To plead for him shamedly-God did not apologize
When He gave the boy to ma. timply, I make ready now For His verdict .- You prepare-You have killed us both- and how

Will you face us there !

It is not to be imagined because Mr. Riley is upon the whole, like Longfellow, a post rather of the affections than of the passions, that he is, like Longfellow, incapable of delineating the ardor and intensity of sexual love. Here, for instance, is a tragical picture, by the side which the sorrows of "Mariana in the Moated Grange" seem trivial and pale:

A woman's figure, on a ground of night Inisid with sallow stars that dumly stars Down in the lonesome eyes, uplifted there As in vague hope some alien issues of light Night pieces their wos. The tears that blind her

Pight -The sait and bitter blood of her despatr-Her bands toss back through torrents of her bair And grip toward God with anguish infinite, And O, the carven month, with all its great Intensity of longing frozen fast In such a smile as well may designate The slowly murdered heart that, to the last, Conceals each newer wound, and back at Fate Turobs Love's eternal lie-"Lo, I can wait."

In another sonnet we obtain a glimpse of what it is the fashion to call light love, and which, at all event, if not light, is brief :

Let us forget. What matters it that we Once reigned o'er happy realms of long ago, And tailed of love, and let our voices low, And ruled for some brief sessions royally? That if we sung, or laughed, or wept, maybe ! It has availed not anything, and so Let it go by that we may better know How poor a thing is lost to you and me But yesterday I kissed your lips, and yet Did thrill you not enough to shake the dew From your drenched lids-and missed, with no regret four kiss shot back, with sharp breaths falling you: and so, to-day, while our worn eyes are wet With all this waste of tears, let us forget

Soldom, however, are we reminded of the gusts of lawless passion in these volumes. It is true love, the love that dies not, the love that can vanquish death, of which the author sings with recurrent and contagious fervor. What could be more genuine than this?

Has she forgotten! On this very May We were to meet here, with the birds and bees, As on that Sabbath underneath the trees We strayed among the tombs, and stripped away The vines from these old granites, cold and gray-And yet, indeed, not grim enough were they To stay our kisses, smiles, and ecstasies, Or closer, voice-lost yows and Phapaodies. Has she forgotten-that the May has won Its promise !- that the bird-songs from the tree Are sprayed above the grasses as the sun Might jar the dazzling dew down showeringly? Has she forgotten life-love-every one-Has she forgotten me-forgotten me!

Low, low down in the violets I press My lips and whisper to her. Does she hear, and yet hold silence, though I call her dear, Just as of old, save for the tearfulness Of the clenched eyes, and the soul's vast distress? Has she forgotten thus the old caress That made our breath a quickened atmosphere That failed nigh unto swooning with the sheer elight! Mine arms clutch now this earthen hear Sodden with tears that flow on ceaselessly As autumn rains the long, long, long nights' weep In memory of days that used to be— Has she forgotten these ! And, in her sleep, Has she forgotten me-forgotten me !

III. To-night, against my pillow, with shut eyes. I mean to weld our faces—through the dense Incalculable darkness make pretense That she has risen from her reveries To mate her dreams with mine in marriages Of mellow paims, smooth faces, and tense case Of every longing nerve of indolence— Lift from the grave her quiet lips, and sinn My sense with her sweet klases-drawl the glee Of her giad mouth, full blithe and tenderly, Across mine own, forgetful if is done The old love's awful dawn-time when said we,

To-day is ours !" . . . Ah, heaven! can it be She has forgotten me-torgotten me ! We must give place to one other short poem on the same theme:

I so lovel once, when Death came by I hid Away my face, And all my sweetheart's tresses she undid To make my biding place.

The dread shade passed me thus unbeeding; and I turned me then To calm my love-kiss down her shielding hand And comfort her again.

And lo ! she answered not : and she did sit All fixedly, With her fair face and the sweet smile of it, In love with Death, not me.

VI.

We believe that a post, and, for that matter. a prose writer also, should be judged by the best, and not by the least worthy of his productions. It might not be difficult for an unsympathetic eye to cull from these seven volumes compositions much below the level of the strong work here exemplified. But those whose pulses have been stirred and whose eyes have been suffused by this veritable master of pathos have no heart for faultfinding Admit that once in a great while, even when the author is writing normal English, a word receives a meaning or a regimen which it would be hard to justify by dictionary or grammar: admit that the rules of prosody are occasionally violated, as, for instance, by placing a spondee or even a troches in the second foot of an lambic line. These are errors in form, and let them be dwelt upon by those for whom form is of superlative importance But if poetry have any profound and abiding reason for its existence, if it have in this world a mission second to that of religion only, let s not sean too curiously the processes by which the heart is touched. What matters the process so the end is reached. James Whit comb Riley has reached it. The fact is recog pized by all his readers, no matter how high or how inadequate may have been their edu-

It might have been predicted that a singer so sensitive to all the deepest feelings of his countrymen would not fail to strike with energy the chord of patriotic sentiment. There are in these volumes many poems suggested by the war for the Union and by the resultan intensification of the sense of nationality. One of these, "The Drum." is not only resenant with martial emotion. but, considered as an attempt to reproduce the effect of instrumental sounds by words, will recall Bells" of Edgar A. Poe. We subjoin some stanzas: O the drum !

ation in thy grum ony of atterance that strikes the spirit dumb

Through the clear And unalouded atmosphere, Thy palpitating syllables roll in upon the ear! There's a part Of the art Of thy music-throbbing heart

That thrills a something in us that awakens with start, And in rhyme

With the chime And exactitude of time.

Goes marching on to glory to thy majedy sublime. And the guest That thy rolling robs of rest
Is a patriotic spirit as a Continental dressed;

From the glooms Of a century of tombs,
And the blood he spilled at Lexington in living beauty

blooms. And his eyes Wear the guise Of a purpose pure and wise.
As the love of them is lifted to a something in the skies That is bright

Red and white With a blur of starry light, As it laughs in silken ripples to the breezes day and

night, There are deep Hushes creep O'er the pulses as they leap,
As thy tumpit, fainter growing, on the silence falls
asleep.
White the prayer

Rises there With the sea and earth and air
As a heritage to Freedom's sons and daughters everywhere.

We said at the outset that, so far as the present notice is concerned, we should only quote one of Mr. Riley's humorous poems in the Hoosier dialect. The exception is the following; the poem is called "Decoration Day": It's lonesome—sorto lonesome—it's a Sund'y-day, to me, 'pears like-more'n any day I nearly ever see

Yit, with the Stars and Stripes above, a flutterin' in On ev'ry soldier's grave, I'd love to lay a lily there. They say, though. Decoration Days is ginerly observed 'Most ev'rywhares-espeshally by soldier-boye that's

served -But me and mother's never went-we seldom git AWAS .-In pint o'fact, we're ailus home on Decoration Day.

They say the old boys marches through the streets in colum's grand. A follerin' the old war-times they'r playin' on the And citizuns all jinin' in-and little children, too-All marchin', under shelter of the old Red, White, and

Blue.

With roses' roses' roses'-ev'rybody in the town !-And crowds o' little girls in white, jest fairly loaded down :-- Oh: don't the hope know it, from theyr camp acrost the bill!-Don't they see theyr com'ards comin' and the old flag

Oh! can't they hear the bugul and the rattle of the Ain't they no way under heavens they can rickollect us Ain't they no way we can coax 'em, through the roses.

jest to say
They know that ev'ry day on earth 's theyr Decoration We've tried that-me and mother-where Eiles takes his rest.
In the orchurd, in his uniform, and hands acrost his

brest. And the flag he died fer, smilin' and a-ripplin' in the Above his grave, and over that, the robin in the trees! And yit its lonesome, lonesome : It's a Sund'y-day, to

It 'pears-like-more'n any day I nearly ever see! Still, with the Stars and Stripes above, a flutterin' in the air.
On ev'ry soldier's grave I'd love to lay a lily there.

By the side of this proof that dialect is equal to depicting the nohiest sacrifices and the deep-est sorrows. we set another fine example of patriotic song, with which for the moment, we must take leave of Mr. Riley: A monument for the soldiers!

And what will ye build it of?
Can ye build it of marble, or brass, or brenze, Outlasting the soldiers' love ! Can ye glorify it with legends As grand as their blood bath writ From the inmost shrine of this land of thins To the outermost verge of it? And the answer came: We would build it Out of our hopes made sure, And out of our purest prayers and tears.

And out of our faith secure: We would build it out of the great white truths their death hath sanctified. And the sculptured forms of the men in arms, And their faces ere they died. And what heroic figures Can the soulptor carve in stone !

Can the marble breast be made to bleed, And the marble lips to moan ? Can the marble brow be ferered And the marble eyes be graved To look their last, as the flag flea's past, On the country they have saved !

And the answer came: The figures Shall all be fair and brave, And, as belitting, as pure and white As the stars above their grave ! The marble line, and breast and brow Bequeath us right to guard the flight Of the old flag in the skies !

A monument for the soldlers! Built of a people's love.

And blazoned and decked and panoplied With the hearts ye build it of And see that ye build it stately, And high in pose as the souls of those It would commemorate!

> Her New Side-Buttoning Gown. From Lonahoe's Magazine.









SOME POEMS WORTH READING.

On a high slope of those stupendous mountain Where the winds sing through gray primeval trees, Where spring Columbia's and Missouri's fountains That thunder down to widely sundered seas;

The tumbled earth lies failow here as ever Outspread before the drat man's troubled gars; The elk and deer tracks as they seek their cover Alone mark trails amid the forest's mass. The rocks are piled up as the glacier left them, Or where the earthquake scattered them around: The trees are lying as the winds have felled them,

And rot smid the leaves that strew the ground. Canumbered generations of the races Whose footsteps wandered through the wild ravine, Like snows have melted, barely leaving traces

To say that here their peoples once had been In forest aisles one hears a requiem sighing. It may be for the spirits that are spe-For ancient bones that in their shade are lying, But calrn or menument guards no: the dead.

The skies above for them may your libations The while they moulder in deserted graves, But little recks the soul in its migrations; Time mingles all in its succeeding waves. Red from the smoky east the round moon lesues; Wide o'er the night her beamy tresses flow, As tinting earth with their translucent tissues

Through which the stars with fading fires do glow There drowsy night deep in the guiches lying Hears morn's soft breathing in the woodland sing; Then like a thought through air's expanses flying Hends down the tree tops with his fanning wing

While rosy dawn is deepening in the heaven, The beart stirs softly with a vague desire; But sweeter thought shall its emotions leaves. Or ere the san hath topped the hills with fire HELENA, Feb 17. J. J. MACDONALD.

The Laborer. From the Westminster Gasette

For a Hercules in his fighting ire, there is never the When aches he lies, and the poets arise to sing the
When aches he lies, and the poets arise to sing the
Work he has due to the shallows of sight, lo, the
Laborer's crown is Apolio s.
White stands he, yet in his grime and sweat, to
wrestle for fruits of the Sun.

Can an enemy wither his cheer? Not you, ye fair yelinw flowering ladies,
Who join with your lords to jarthe chords of a bosom
heroic, and cleg.
'Tis the failering friend, an inanimate land, may drag
agreat suit to their liades.
And plungs him far from a beam of star till be hears
the deep bay of the Dog.

Apparition is there of a monster task, in a policy carving new fashions:

The winninger course than the rule of force, and the aprings tired to run in a stream;

He would bend tough oak, he would stiffen the reed, point Reason to sandow the passions.

Bid Britons awake two steps to take where one is a trouble extreme:

trouble extreme:

Not the less is he nerved with the Laborer's resolute hope; that by him shall be written.

To hohor his rave, this deed of grace, for the weak reasons over made just.

That her sens every made just of praise may behold a thrice vitalized Britain.

Ashine with the light of the doing of right; at the gates of the Future in trust.

Genno Memprus. GRORGE MEREDITH.

The Good Time Coming. From the Arms.

Come hither, lads, and hearken
For a raise there is to tell.
Of the wonderful days a coming.
When all shall be better than well.
And the tale shall be to do f a country.
A land in the midst of a sea.
And folk shall call it Engand.
In the day that's going to be.

There more than one in a thousand of the days that are jet to come shall now some hope of the morrow. Some joy of the ancient home. For then, laugh not, but listen To this atrangs take of mine; all full that are in England shall be better logged than awine.

Then a man shall work and bethink him, And rejuce in the deeds of his hand, Nor voi come home in the even Too faint and weary to stand Men in that time a coming shall work and have no fear fur to morrow's lack of earning and the bunger wo.f enear.

I tell you this for a wonder,
That up man then shail be giad
Of his reliew's fail and miniap
To snatch at the work is ited.
For that which the worker winneth
Shall then be his indeed.
Nor shall their be reaped for nothing
By him that sowed no seed. d) strange, new, wonderful justice. But for whom shall we gather the gain? For ourselves and each of our fellows. And no hand shall labor in wain. Then all Mine and air Thine shall be Ours, And no more shall any man crave For riches that serve for nothing. But to fetter a friend for a slave.

WILLIAM MORRIE. The Kissing Girls of California, From the San Francisco Nece Letter.
The Oakland girl, the pride of the State, In her clinging and soutul way.
Absorbs it all with a yearning yearn, Ab bigs a ton of hay.

The 'Frisco girl bows her stately head, And she fixes her stylish lips In a firm, hard way, and lete them go In spasmodic little snips. The Berkeley girl removeth her space, And freezesh har face with a smile; Then sticts out her tips like an open book, And ches eth her gum meanwhile. The Alameda girl says never a word, And you'd think she was region tame with her practical views of the matter; But she gets there just the same.

The San José girl sets a grip on herself,
As she carefully takes off her hat;
And she grabs the prize in a frightened way,
Like a terrier shaking a rat. The Racramento girl, so gentle and sweet, 1-ste her lips meet the coming kiss With rapturous warmth; and the youthful souls Float sway on a sea of bliss.

The Petaluma girl, a creature divine.
Whether wife or widow or miss. The Freeno girl will at first refuse, Just to have you insist and plead; But when she finally gives her concent, Her kiss, you'll confess, takes the lead. Mills College girls close their dreamy eyes, When invited to osculate: And let the vandal steal the kies, Though they really find it first rate.

The Santa Cruz giri neither sighs nor pines, Nor acts in a manner rude, But she goes about kissing in a business-like way That catches the average dude. A New Argument Against Cornets

From the Times Democrat.

This
is the
shape of
a woman's waist,
on which a corset tight
is lared. The ribs, deformed
by being squeezed, press
on the fongs, it like y'ra
diseased. The heart
is jastened and
cashes like y'r
the liver
the liver
pid lump;
the stomach,
crashed, cannot
digest; and in a moss
are all compressed. There
we, this slifty woman grows to
a fearful mass of west
ut thinks heart of west
hape, though hidenus
has a crippled ape.

This is This is a woman's natural waist, which corset never yet diagraced. Inside it a mine of health. Outside, if charms it has a wealth. It is a thing of beauty frue and a sweet loy forever new. It needs no artful padding vile. or busite big to give it "siving and solid, live strong and solid, live strong and solid, and hard to get one arm around. Ains! If women mily knew the mischef that these corrected on they'd let hame Matare have her way, and never try her way, and never try her

At Her Wedding There was no profusion Of jewels or lare: of jewels of lace;

No yards of flucts

Her figure to grace;

But the bride was most simply

And tastefully dree;

In the siyle and the color

Tast suited her best;

And Fred, in a whisper-be stood at my side—

Bald "I never beheld a more beautiful bride"

I hardly need mention

I hardly need mention

The fact, presume,

Bus fact, presume,

Was fixed on the groom,

Whose face or reflected

The toy of his heart.

That in the awest service

And, ch: 'twas a even we remember with pride,

For Fred was the bridegroom and I was the bride.

Eleonora Dusc

Madonna, of the deepest source of tears,

The charm is thine; e'en in thy mirth doth dwell Some inspiration from that sombre well, Where only in reflection joy appears Thine eyes are like two lustrous midnight spheres, And in them all the storms of passion swell, Actress, enchantress, or whate'er theu art, By what atrance power dost thou upon the stage The one soul seem where real emotions rage, and we bet mimes who coldly play a part? Only by thee such miracies are done, Bare Dupe, thou whose heart and art are one.

An interesting explanation has been made to the British Association of Science by one of its members of the Fresnel lens for transmitting light in one beam horizontally, and now, of the construction of a glass apparatus, which, by reversion, serves as a diffuser of light. Experiments show that the amount of light absorbed by ribbed glass is ten per cent, and by clear glass eight per cent—that is, only two per cent, difference in the obstruction of light between a double-thick German clear and a fine-ribbed plate of the same thickness. Now, through plain glass, no diffusion is obtained—the light falls directly on the floor, and the clear sunlight falls upon the looms or frames in a factory, making dark shadows, while with the ribbed glass a diffusion is secured without a glare, no window shades being needed, and there are no dark shadows. Thus, in the practical use of light, there is obtained a vast deal more from ribbed glass without window shades than is possible from clear glass with the window shades which are required on the south side. This principle has just been applied, it seems, to a conical glass for placing under the are light, thus doing away with glare and shadow. The dispersion of light through the ribbed glass is found to be, relatively, it per cent, in horizontal planes to 0 per cent, in plain glass.

The introduction of another cement is menlight absorbed by ribbed glass is ten per cent.,

NOTES ON SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

The introduction of another coment is mentioned, of specially valuable properties for steam pipes, in filling up small leaks, such as blow hole in a casting, without the necessity of removing the injured piece. The cement in question is composed of five pounds Paris white, five pounds yellow ochre, ten pounds litharge, five pounds red lead, and four pounds litharge, five pounds red lead, and four pounds black oxide manganess, these various materials being mixed with great thoroughness, a small quantity of ashestos and boiled oil being afterward added. The composition as thus prepared will set hard in from two to five hours, and possesses the advantage of not being subject to expansion and contraction to such an extent as to cause leakage afterward; and its efficiency in places difficult of access is of special importance.

The segmental wire gun is the latest novel-

ty in the line of artillery science, the construction presenting the striking feature of the substitution for the usual solid tube in highpower cannon of a number of longitudinal steel segments, around these being wound strips of metal lavers of square steel wire subjected to a constant tension of 130,000 pounds to the square inch, and which, so held together and covered with an external jacket of stock, form the tube of the gun. The claim made for this method is that the inner core of the gun allows of a higher physical condition and degree of special elasticity than it is possible to produce in the larger masses of netal horetofore used. In the breech block of this gun a continuous thread is used, and, when the block is thrown open for charging a latch locks it, so that it cannot be turned until it enters the breech. This insures proper centring of the threads under all circumstances, and a consequent manimum of wear. At the breech of the gun the steel segments are covered by more than thirty layers of the square wire, the number recteasing as the muzzle, is reached. The ordinary charge will generate 50,000 pounds per square inch can be reached with entire safety.

Double-tube injectors of an improved system. to a constant tension of 130,000 pounds to the

Double-tube injectors of an improved system are coming into favor, the new construction being such, it is stated, that the device works to the same advantage and fulfils the same duty under all circumstances with high or low pressure steam, hot or cold water, water under pressure or suction. The instrument is a combination of two steam jet mechanisms, the first one proportioned for lifting and delivering the water under some pressure into the second one, where its velocity is sufficiently augmented to overcome the counter pressure in the boiler. The explanation of the proper working of the injector, at the lowest as well as the highest steam pressures, without any adjustment of parts, is found in the fact that the quantity of water taken in by the first apparatus and delivered to the second one is in proportion to the pressure of the steam, so that the first one acts as a governor for the second one. The explanation of the feeding of hot as well as cold water is found in the construction and proportion of the first apparatus, which has a relatively small steam nozzle to insure high suction; and, as the water is delivered to the second one under pressure, its temperature can be corresponding to this pressure, and may be delivered into the boiler above the boiling point. one proportioned for lifting and delivering the

The peculiar properties of pure amorphous boron have been investigated by M. Moissan. who describes it as a chostnut brown powder. capable of being moulded under pressure, and having a density of 2.45; it is infusible even at the high temperature of the electric arcout, heated in air to a temperature of some 700 Cent. it inflames and forms boric anhydride; when a small quantity is strongly heated in a test tube and thrown into the air it bursts late brilliant sparks; heated in a current of oxygen the powder burns with a dazzling flame of a greenish tint and the lightis very deficient in actinic power—that is, in the chemically active rays. The powder reacts with sulphur at a temperature of UIO Cent., producing a brilliant incandescence, and the sulphide of boron, selenium, bromine, and other bodies also combine with it, but tellprium, iodine, and others do not seem to react with it, again, the alkaline metals do not combine with it, but it is otherwise the case with magnesium, irou. Cent., it inflames and forms borte anhydride; is otherwise the case with magnesium, iron, aluminum, silver, and platinum. Acids react energetically with the powder, and metallic oxides are more readily reduced by it than by carbon; when, for example, a mixture of copper oxide and the powder is heated in a test tube, the glass is fused by the heat of reduction. A violent detonation is produced by rubbing oxide of lead in a mortar with it.

That vast and important public work, the Siberian Railway, is now in process of construction-the Baikal line, as it is termed, being the commencement. It starts from the flourishing town of Tomak, situated on the navigable river Ob, proceeding from here to the Government town of Tobolsk, thence to Krassnojarsk, and from here approaching the Chinese frontier to the left of the forest mountains of Sajan, which are so rich in gold and other metals; next it touches at Balagansk, then it proceeds to the prosperous town of Irkutsk, and in its further course will connect with a great many other business localities and rivers. The undertaking, though remarkable in its character, presents, according to the Russian engineers, absolutely no difficulties, as there are no swames of importance, and the rivers which have to be bridged over are but few in number. The cest of construction, at a moderate calculation, is placed at 25,000 roubles per verst. Krassnojarsk, and from here approaching the

Successful application appears to have been made in some of the Pennsylvania mills of jets designed with a special view to overcoming the smoke nuisance. In one case the difficulty is met by a jet somewhat of the Bunsen burner type, satisfactorily operating on two batteries of flue boilers—the jet being placed above the fire doors and immediately below the boilers—and, though the four is sinck, yet almost no smoke is visible, even during heavy firing. In another case, steam jets of a different, but effective, design have been applied to puddling and heating furnaces. In these the ash pit is made tight, the steam and air enter below the grates, the furnaces being also of the usual type, except that special openings are made for air above the fire and through the bridge wall, and, when the fire doors are closed no black smoke is visible while the steam jets are in operation; the smoke uppears above the stack whenever the fire door is opened, but disappears immediately on closing the door. Each puddling furnace has two jets of steam, and each heating furnace five jets, all about one-tenth of an inch in diameter. With this arrangement mut could can be used in the heating furnaces and slack in the puddling furnaces, instead of as formerly, lump in both—the quantity of fuel required being also much less.

The new system of refrigeration by means. burner type, satisfactorily operating on two

The new system of refrigeration by means of earbonic acid gas seems likely to come into quite general favor as a substitute for the processes heretofore resorted to. The apparatus, in its improved form, consists of an evaporator, or coils, within which the liquefied carbonic acid is caused to evaporate, being afterward drawn into a compressor and talsed to the liquefaction pressure; it then condenses into a liquid within the coils of a condenser, whence it flows into the evaporator, and so on in a closed cycle. Liquefled carbonic ambydride evaporates under atmospheric pressure at about one hundred and iwenty degrees. F., below zero. In the machine, however, it is evaporated at ten degrees, F., according to the lemperature it is required to produce, cooling the brine surrounding the evaporator coils to within a few degrees of itself; the brine thus cooled circulates in the freezing rooms, chill rooms, cold stores, or between the ice moulds in ice factories, abstracting also the heat from the water or goods to be freezen or chilled. The coal consumption and the weight of machinery required are wastly less than in any other system, and, besides this, the carbonic acid cas employed is unattended with danger, is incolorous, and non-poisonous.

Nickel steel containing 25 per cent of nickel carbonic acid is caused to evaporate, being

Nickel steel containing 25 per cent of nickel will not rust under any of the conditions to which it has been subjected in experiment. and even when the percentage of nickel is con-aiderably less the steel does not rust when subjected to the action of salt water, a last that makes it suitable for ships' bottoms.